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Review of New Books.

Adonais, an Elegy on the Death of John Keats, Author of Endymion, Hyperion, &c. By Percy B. Shelley. 4to. pp. 25. Pisa, 1821.

THROUGH the kindness of a friend, we have been favoured with the latest production of a gentleman of no ordinary genius, Mr. Bysshe Shelley. It is an elegy on the death of a youthful poet of considerable promise, Mr. Keats, and was printed at Pisa. As the copy now before us is, perhaps, the only one that has reached England, and the subject is one that will excite much interest, we shall print the whole of it.

It has been often said, and Mr. Shelley repeats the assertion, that Mr. Keats fell a victim to his too great susceptibility of a severe criticism on one of his poems. How far this may have been the case we know not. Cumberland used to say, that authors should not be thin skinned, but shelled like the rhinoceros; but poor Keats was of too gentle a disposition for severity, and to a mind of such exquisite sensibility, we do not wonder that he felt keenly the harsh and ungenerous attack that was made upon him. Besides, we are not without instances of the effects of criticism on some minds.—Hawkesworth died of criticism: when he published his account of the voyages in the South Seas, for which he received £6000, an innumerable host of enemies attacked it in the newspapers and magazines; some pointed out blunders in matters of science, and some exercised their wit in poetical translations and epigrams. It was, says Dr. Kippis, 'a fatal undertaking, and which, in its consequences, deprived him of presence of mind and of life itself.'

Tasso was driven mad by criticism; his susceptibility and tenderness of feeling were so great, that when his sublime work, 'Jerusalem Delivered,' met with unexpected opposition, the fortitude of the poet was not proof against the keenness of disappointment. He twice attempted to please his igno-

rant and malignant critics, by re-composing his poem; and, during the hurry, the anguish, and the irritation attending these efforts, the vigour of a great mind was entirely exhausted, and, in two years after the publication of his work, the unhappy bard became an object of pity and of terror.

Even the mild Newton, with all his philosophy, was so sensible to critical remarks, that Whiston tells us he lost his favour, which he had enjoyed for twenty years, for contradicting Newton in his old age; for, says he, no man was of 'a more fearful temper.' Whiston declares that he would never have thought proper to have published his work against Newton's Chronology during the life of the great philosopher, 'because,' says he, 'I knew his temper so well, that I should have expected it would have killed him.'

We have never been among the very enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Keats's poetry, though we allow that he possessed considerable genius; but we are decidedly averse to that species of literary condemnation, which is often practised by men of wit and arrogance, without feeling and without discrimination.

Mr. Shelley is an ardent admirer of Keats; and though he declares his repugnance to the principles of taste on which several of his earlier compositions were modelled, he says that he considers 'the fragment of Hyperion as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years.' Mr. Shelley, in the preface, gives some details respecting the poet:—

'John Keats died at Rome, of a consumption, in his twenty-fourth year, on the — of —, 1821: and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.'

'The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses, was not more delicate

and fragile than it was beautiful, and where canker worms abound, what wonder if its young flower was blighted in the bud? The savage criticism on his 'Endymion,' which appeared in the Quarterly Review, produced the most violent effects on his susceptible mind; the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued, and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics, of the true greatness of his powers, were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

'It may be well said, that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shafts light on a heart made callous by many blows, or one, like Keats's, composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates is, to my knowledge, a most base and unprincipled calumniator. As to Endymion, was it a poem, whatever might be its defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated with various degrees of complacency and panegyric, "Paris," and "Woman," and a "Syrian Tale," and Mrs. Lefanu, and Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Howard Payne, and a long list of the illustrious obscure? Are these the men who, in their venal good-nature, presumed to draw a parallel between the Rev. Mr. Milman and Lord Byron? What goat did they strain at here, after having swallowed all those camels? Against what woman, taken in adultery, dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone? Miserable man! you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse, that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers but used none.

'The circumstance of the closing scene of poor Keats's life were not made known to me until the elegy was ready for the press. I am given to understand that the wound which his sensitive spirit had received from the criticism of Endymion, was exasperated by the bitter sense of unrequited benefits; the poor fellow seems to have been hastened from the stage of life, no less by those on whom he had wasted the promise of his genius,* than

* We do not know to whom Mr. Shelley alludes; but we believe we may say that the city of London does not boast a bookseller more honourable in his dealings, or more liberal to rising genius or indigent merit than the publishers of Mr. Keats's poems.—ED,

those on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care. He was accompanied to Rome, and attended in his last illness, by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect to unwearied attendance upon his friend. Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from "such stuff as dreams are made of." His noble conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career:—may the unextinguished spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against oblivion for his name!

Of the beauty of Mr. Shelley's elegy we shall not speak; to every poetic mind, its transcendent merits must be apparent.

'ADONAI'S.

I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad hour, selected from all years,
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow, say with me
Died Adonais; till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light into eternity.
Where wert thou, mighty mother, when he lay,
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was born Urania
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
'Mid listening echoes, in her paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
Re-kindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.
O, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholly mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend:—oh, dream not that the amorous deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.
Most musical of mourners, weep again;
Lament a new Urania!—He died,
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lovely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the libertine,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
Of lust and blood; he went unterrified;
Into the gulf of death; but his clear sprite
Yet reigns o'er death: the third among the sons
Of light.
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;

And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time

In which suns perished; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road
Which leads, through toil and hate, to fame's serene abode.

But now thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,

And fed with true love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is over, past.

To that high capital, where kingly death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,

A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace,
The shadow of white death, and at the door
Invisible corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
Of mortal change, shall fill the grave which is her maw.

O, weep for Adonais!—The quick dreams,
The passion-winged ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught

The love which was its music, wander not,—
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their secret pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries;
'Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some dream has loosened from his brain.'

Lost angel of a ruined paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;
Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak;
And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

Another splendour on his mouth alit,

That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath

Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,

And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death

Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor, stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and past to its eclipse.

And others came—Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendour and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations,

Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem

Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.
All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,

Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,

Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds, perched on the young green spray,

Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she
Threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves: since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?

To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais; wan they stand and sere
Amid the drooping comrades of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears, odour to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lone nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with mourning, doth complain,

Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows re-appear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;

The amorous birds now pair in every brake,

And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance
awake.

In the death chamber for a moment, Death
Shamed by the presence of that living Might
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear
delight.

'Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not!' cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and
met her vain caress.

'Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else
survive,

With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to time, and cannot thence
depart!

'O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty
heart

Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee
like deer.

'The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion;—how they
fled,

When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second
blow,

They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them
as they go.

'The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and
when

It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its
light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful
night.'

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds
came,
Their garments sere, their magic mantles rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from
his tongue.

'Midst others of less note, came one frail form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,

Acteon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and
their prey.

A pardlike spirit, beautiful and swift,—
A love in desolation mask'd;—a power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce up-
lift

The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the
heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that
crew

He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's
dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that
gentle band

Who in another's fate now wept his own;
As in the accents of an unknown land,
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured—'who
art thou?'

He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—Oh! that
it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be he, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed
one,

Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone,
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre
unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be though free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and self contempt shall cling to thee;
Not shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—
as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.—
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow

Through time and change, unquenchably the
same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth
of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife.
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.—We decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our
living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives,—he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young Dawn
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou
air

Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst
thrown
O'er the abandoned earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its
despair!

He is made one with nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to his own;
Which wields the world with never wearied
love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth
bear

His part, while the one spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compell-
ing there

All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th'unwilling dross that checks its
flight

To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the hea-
ven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty
thought

Lifts a young heart above its mortal hair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
shall be its earthly doom,—the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and
stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal
thought,
Far in the unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,

Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion, as they rose, shrank like a thing re-
proved.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry,
'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of song:
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our
throne!'

Who mourns for Adonais? oh come forth
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him
aright.

Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous
earth;

As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Sate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night,
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee
to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
O, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis naught
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their
prey;

And he is gathered to the kings of thought,
Who waged contention with their time's de-
cay,

And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains
rise,

And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of desolation's nakedness;
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is
spread.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull
time

Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid, with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of
death,

Welcoming him we lose with scarce extin-
guished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as
yet

To have out-grown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.—
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows
fly;

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost
seek!

Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak,
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to
speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my
heart?

Thy hopes are gone before: from all things
here

They have departed; thou shouldst now de-
part!

A light is past from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers
near;

'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join to-
gether.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and
move,

That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in
song

Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling
throne

Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar,
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of
heaven,

The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

*The Tour of Africa: containing a con-
cise Account of all the Countries in
that Quarter of the Globe hitherto
visited by Europeans; with the Man-
ners and Customs of the Inhabitants,
selected from the best Authors, and
arranged—By Catherine Hutton.
Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 536. London,
1821.*

WHILE new voyages and travels conti-
nue to present themselves to public at-
tention, in such massive and expensive
tomes as to be beyond the purchase of
ordinary readers, we are glad to see a
person of Miss Hutton's talents en-
gaged in condensing the labours of
others, and presenting in three octavo
volumes the spirit and interest of a
whole library. In a work which does
not present claims to originality, great
industry, good taste, and sound dis-
crimination, are the essential qualifica-
tions; and these the fair author of the
Tour of Africa certainly possesses.

The first two volumes of this work,
which have been some time before the
public, are replete with interest; and
the one now before us, which completes
the whole, is of equal merit. While
it contains all the most interesting

facts related by the most distinguished
travellers, stripped of useless detail
and personal feeling, it possesses a con-
secutiveness which it is difficult to pre-
serve amidst such a variety of objects.
With declaring our decided approval
of the plan and execution of this work,
we proceed to our extracts:—

The Boa Constrictor.—'The boa con-
strictor of the countries watered by the
river of Sierra Leone is sometimes thirty
feet in length, or, as the Negroes say,
forty, and four feet in circumference:
they also say that he swallows an ox or a
buffalo intire. They give the following
account of this prodigious serpent.

'He hides himself near some spring or
pool of water, where he remains perfectly
still, convolved in three spiral rows.
While an animal is quenching its thirst,
he springs upon it, twines himself round
its body, compresses it with great force,
and suffocates it. When he is convinced
that it is dead, he untwists himself, and
quits it. He then attacks it with his
teeth, which he drives deeply into every
part of its body. After this, he again
winds himself round his prey, and by rap-
id motions, powerful contractions, and
repeated efforts, he crushes every bone to
powder. When this operation is com-
pleted, he moistens the body all over
with a kind of thick saliva, which he dis-
gorges in great abundance, and stretches
it out at full length by creeping along it
on both sides. All things being now
ready for swallowing his victim, he places
himself opposite to it. He opens his
mouth, approaches it in an erect posture,
snaps in the head or muzzle of his prey,
and swallows the whole, by degrees,
without letting it go.

'But before this monstrous reptile de-
vours any large animal, he carefully in-
spects all the surrounding places, to be
assured that no enemy is near; for, after
such a repast, he is so horribly full, that
he is incapable of the least motion or re-
sistance. During this state of absolute
helplessness, the Negroes kill him, and
regale themselves at once with his flesh
and that of the prey he has swallowed.
In this state of lethargy he is also attacked
by the ants, which penetrate into his body
by millions, through his ears, nose, and
mouth, devour in less than twenty-four
hours both the serpent and his prey, and
leave nothing but the empty skin.'

The Bijugas.—'The Bissagos are called
by the natives the Bijugas, and so they
call themselves. They are the most un-
civilized of all the Negroes, and are dis-
tinguished by the others by the appella-
tion of wild men. They are muscular,
bony, well proportioned, and active.—
Their noses are more elevated, and their
lips not so thick as those of their neigh-
bours. Their hair is woolly, and shaved
into every fanciful form that can be ima-
gined; the part that remains is generally
dressed with red ochre and palm oil.

'Every Bijuga is a warrior; his delight

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is war, his amusement is the chase. Except a few days in the year, when he is employed in the cultivation of rice, war and the chase are his sole occupations. The Bijugas do not weave; the men wear only a goat or deer skin, the women only a large thick fringe of palm leaves hanging down from the waist. In their arms they are more splendid. A long buccaneer gun, kept in the most perfect order, is carried in the right hand; a sword about four feet in length, and sharp as a razor, not figuratively speaking, for it is sometimes used as one, is slung on the left shoulder, the hilt coming close under the arm. In the left hand is held a round convex shield, formed of withies, interlaced, and covered with a buffalo's hide; the same hand grasps a hassagay. The Bijugas are never without their arms, and no people understand the use of them better. With their gun they seldom miss their object; with their hassagay I have seen them strike a reed about ten inches long, and not thicker than a tobacco-pipe, at the distance of twenty yards; and in the use of the broad sword they are most expert and active. They consider the world as their own, and what it contains they have a right to plunder.

Punishment of Adultery.—During my stay at Teesee, Tiggity Sego held a palaver on an accusation of adultery. The debates on both sides displayed much ingenuity; the fact was clearly proved, and the offender was sentenced to be sold as a slave, or to find two slaves for his redemption, at the option of the complainant. The injured husband was unwilling to proceed to extremity against a man who had been his friend, and who was, besides, a very devout Muhamedan priest, and desired rather to have him publicly flogged, which was accordingly done; and the number of stripes he received was precisely that enjoined by the Mosaic law, *forty, save one.*

Arabs of the Desert.—The Arabs of the Desert resemble in their complexion the mulattoes of the West Indies, but their physiognomy is very different. They boast an advantage over the Negroes by their knowledge of letters, and are the proudest and most intolerant people upon earth.

An Arab can either fast or eat three meals in one. Those of Ludamar live chiefly on the flesh of their cattle. They purchase their corn and their cotton garments in exchange for salt, which they dig from pits in the Sahara.

A woman of moderate pretensions to beauty must be one who cannot walk without being supported under each arm by a slave; and a perfect beauty is a load for a camel. In order to become handsome, many of the girls are compelled by their mothers to devour a large quantity of kouskous, and drink a large bowl full of camels' milk, every morning. Whether appetite demand it or not, these must be swallowed; and I have seen a poor girl sit crying, with the bowl at her

lips, for more than an hour, and the mother watching over her with a stick in her hand, which she used from time to time, without mercy, to enforce obedience to her commands. Strange as it may appear, this super-abundant quantity of food, instead of producing indigestion, soon covers the young lady's person with the degree of corpulence which constitutes beauty in the eyes of an Arab.

The women in general wear a cotton cloth wrapped round the waist, and hanging down like a petticoat; to the upper part of this are sewed two square pieces, one before and the other behind, which are fastened together on the shoulders. The head dress is a bandage of cotton cloth, with a broader part to draw over the eyes when they walk in the sun. The better sort, however, when they go out, are veiled from head to foot.

The dress of the men differs but little from that of the Negroes, except that they universally wear a turban of white cotton cloth. Their hair is always black, and commonly short and bushy. Such as have long beards display them with great pride.

Gold Mines.—The next day, being nearly in the parallel of Bambouk, and but little, as I apprehend, to the southward of that kingdom, I requested permission of the chief of a village called Shrono, to visit the gold mines in its vicinity; and having obtained it, I engaged a gold-washer to go with me. About half a mile west of the town, we came to a meadow of four or five acres in size, in which were several excavations resembling wells. Near the mouth of each was a wash-pit, and between this and the well was a heap of gravel.

The woman took up about half a pound of gravel with one hand, and having put it into a large calabash, she covered it with water about the depth of an inch. She then rubbed and divided the gravel between her hands, and threw away the large pebbles. She now gave the contents of the calabash a rotary motion, making a part of the sand and water fly over the brim; then put in a little fresh water, and continued to agitate the whole. I now observed a quantity of a black substance resembling gunpowder, which she told me was *gold rust*; and she immediately pointed to a yellow speck, and said, "See the gold." I took it out of the calabash, and found it to be a portion of pure gold, which would have weighed about a grain. The whole time of washing did not exceed two minutes. The woman then put in her calabash about two pounds of gravel, which, after having gone through the same process, produced twenty-three particles of gold, some of them very small. I remarked, in both instances, that the quantity of gold rust was at least forty-times greater than that of the gold. The woman assured me that pieces of gold were sometimes found as large as her fist. The pits are two feet wide, and twelve feet deep; the sides are

cut in notches, which serve as steps to descend by. The gold is found in a stratum of ferruginous pebbles, and yellow and rusty coloured sand and earth, about two feet in thickness, and ten below the surface of the ground.

The dress of the Jalofs consists of two pieces of cotton cloth; one worn round the waist, and descending below the calf of the leg; the other thrown over one shoulder, and leaving the other uncovered.

The chiefs, in addition to these garments, wear wide drawers, and a shirt. The women are covered only from the bosom to the knees. The ornaments of the wealthy are necklaces and bracelets of gold and silver; but, whether wives or slaves, they all labour for their common master.

Dancing is the predominant amusement of the Jalofs. The coolness of the night restores that vigour which the intense heat of the sun takes away, and they dance by moonlight till the break of day.

The Jalofs are kind to their slaves, and provide for their children as for their own. They seldom strike their slaves, and never impose tasks beyond their strength. If a free man violate a female slave, she is free, and the offender must give the price of a slave to her owner.

Every grave is covered with thorny shrubs, to protect it from wild beasts. These form impenetrable thickets, and under their shade trees spring up from seeds. The Jalofs, like the neighbouring people, have a contempt for weavers, blacksmiths, shoemakers, and musicians. Even a slave will not marry a woman whose family has been engaged in any of these occupations. The musicians are not buried among the Jalofs, but are laid in hollow trees. They say that the crop of millet would fail, if the body of a musician were laid in the earth.

The huts in Cayor are constructed with rushes, and the door is of straw. In general they are so compact as to keep out rain, but persons may converse through the walls; they are circular, and, at a distance, resemble bee-hives. Every man has at least two. These pliant habitations withstand storms, by yielding to their fury. Without the boundaries of the villages, are large rush baskets, raised on stakes, which are the depositaries of the grain, and these stores are never robbed.

Foota Toro.—In Foota Toro there exists a fraternity resembling the Purra of Sherbro, but not possessing such frightful power. The candidate for admission is shut up eight days in a hut; he is allowed to eat but once a day, and he sees no one, except the slave who takes him his food. At the end of this time, a number of men, in masks, employ all possible means to put his courage to the proof, and if he acquit himself with honour, he is admitted into the society. Boukari told me that he was once in a canoe with one of these men, when the rain fell in torrents all around them, and they remained

dry. He asked his companion to reveal his secret; but he replied, "If I do so, my brethren will destroy me." The society is called *Al Mousseri*, and its members perform the part of conjurors.

The Poolas believe that Foota Toro is the first country in the world, and that they are superior to every other people: the Arabs they rank next to themselves. Their huts are circular, with conical roofs, and are constructed with earth, and the dung of their cattle; but they are well built. Their cloths are woven with care, and curiously ornamented with figures, and they manufacture a kind of coarse muslin. They make sandals of a brilliant red Morocco leather; and their stirrups, ear-rings, silver bells, and other trinkets, display some ingenuity. Every village has its weavers, shoemakers, and blacksmiths; but these artizans, as well as the makers of songs, are not allowed to marry with the other Poolas.

The Poolas wear wide drawers, and the long frock with wide sleeves, with a small cotton cap on the head. The women braid their long hair round their heads, which they load with amber and coral: their necks are covered with gold, and glass beads. They wear the cloth, the invariable garment of the females of Negro countries, fastened round the waist, but they throw a muslin veil over the head, and some have jackets with sleeves. They are not so slavishly obedient to their husbands as the negro women. If they are ill-treated, they lodge a complaint before the chief, and peace is not concluded without the husband presenting his wife with an ox, or a slave.

When a rich young man designs to marry, he tells his father, who repairs to the father of the girl of his choice, and acquaints him with his son's intention. The young man kills a bullock, and sends it, and if the intended father-in-law eat of it, it denotes his consent to the match. From this time, the lover does not see either his mistress or her mother; if he meet them by chance, he avoids them. After some time he sends another bullock; and on the day of marriage, he presents three slaves to the bride, and to the father, mother, and all their other children, a bullock each. The parents of the bride give her three slaves, ten bullocks, and forty cloths, for herself, and four frocks and four pair of drawers, for her husband. In case of a divorce, the woman receives back her dowry, and, at her death, it goes to her children. A man who cannot afford to pay for a wife must labour for her father, as Jacob did for Laban.

(To be continued.)

Lectures on Architecture: comprising the History of the Art, from the earliest times to the present day. By James Elmes, Architect. 8vo. pp. 431. London, 1821.

This work consists of the substance of a series of popular lectures delivered

by Mr. Elmes at the Surrey and Ruesel Institutions in London, and at Birmingham; at all which places they were received with much approbation. Mr. Elmes takes an able and comprehensive view of the subject; tracing the history and progress of architecture among the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, explaining their different styles and pointing out their advantages and disadvantages, their beauties and defects.

Our author is particularly happy in describing the architectural antiquities of Ireland; from this part of his work we make an extract:—

A very singular specimen of ancient Irish architecture, which is certainly one of the most curious fabrics in these kingdoms, must be noticed,—the stone-roofed chapel of the ancient king Cormac, at Cashel, who was, after the patriarchal mode, both king and bishop, and flourished about the year 908. It is supposed to have been erected about the year 1134, and dedicated to that celebrated royal priest; and yet Ware, in his *Antiquities*, says, that when Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, in the year 1161, built a stone castle at Tuam, it was considered such an extraordinary work that the natives called it the Wonderful Castle. The aforesaid chapel of St. Cormac, at Cashel, is a regular ecclesiastical edifice, divided into a nave and choir, the latter narrowing in breadth, and separated from the nave by a wide arch. Under the altar tradition reports the remains of St. Cormac to be deposited. There is a striking resemblance between this chapel and the church of St. Peter, at Oxford, with Grimbauld's crypt beneath it.

We now proceed to English architecture, of which we shall quote a rapid sketch:—

Roman or Italian architecture was brought into England under Inigo Jones, who was born in 1572, and whose distinguished works at Greenwich, Whitehall, and Covent Garden, will ever secure him a place among names of the highest reputation.

Sir Christopher Wren, an eminent mathematician and philosopher, as well as architect, executed many of the finest buildings in London and other parts of England, in the modern style. St. Paul's Cathedral, inferior to none but St. Peter's in point of magnitude, and undoubtedly superior even to that both in skilful construction and design, will perpetuate his name to the latest posterity. The exterior cupola of St. Paul's is constructed of oak timber, and is sustained by a cone of eighteen-inch brick-work, which has a course of stone, the whole thickness, every five-feet; and the intermediate parts are two bricks in length in thickness. This cupola was turned upon a centre, which supported itself without

any standard from below. From the inclined position of its supporting walls, it has little or no transverse pressure; yet, for greater security, it is hooped with iron at the bottom.

Of the great English masters who flourished about this period, Jones was grand but unequal, as may be seen in his celebrated work, the chapel at Whitehall, the conception of which, as a part, and but a small part, of an immense palace, is certainly noble; its primary divisions few and simple, its openings large and handsome, but it is unequal in composition and in style. The play of light and shade produced by the breaks over each column, is in a minute taste, the very opposite to grand. The Ionic specimen is one of the worst and most impure he could have chosen; the modillions do not belong to the order, and approach too nearly to those of the Corinthian. If one order upon another be admissible, at all events the Corinthian should not have been excluded for the purpose of introducing the Composite.

Wren was more equal and consistent than Jones; was possessed of more mathematical and general knowledge; was a man of a more expanded mind; but less of an architect by education, and had, generally speaking, less taste. Perhaps nothing of Wren's is equal in taste to Jones's water-gate at York buildings, and nothing of Jones's equals in scientific construction *any thing* of Wren's. Jones's Gothic, as shown in Lincoln's Inn Hall and Chapel, is decidedly bad; Wren's in St. Mary Aldermary, Bow-lane, is bold, if not quite pure; in the tower and pinnacles of St. Michael's, Cornhill, still better; and in the spire of St. Dunstan's in the East, unexceptionably fine; perhaps this is the finest thing of its kind in Europe. St. Stephen's, Walbrook, has, I think, been extolled beyond its merits; although novel in principle, it is faulty both in construction and taste. His spire of Bow would alone immortalize any man; so beautiful is it in form, so novel in design, and so dexterous in construction.

The works of Vanbrugh are solid and judicious; but he neglected the lighter graces of his art, and is, with all his picturesque beauties, cumbrous and inelegant in detail. Swift's epigram on this artist is pretty generally known:—

'Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.'

Yet Castle Howard and Blenheim will keep alive the name and memory of Vanbrugh among those of our greatest architects.

Wyatt, who belongs more to our own times, and will be spoken of in my concluding Lecture, was richer and more learned in his art than either Jones, Wren, or Vanbrugh. Equally inventive, and with as fine a taste as Jones; less scientific, perhaps, than Wren, but more admirable in his details than any preceding English architect; he is at the head of our best

school, from which has emanated all the finest works of the present day.'

Speaking of the commencement of the reign of George III. Mr. Elmes says:—

'Kent, Gibbs, and Burlington were gone, and left no disciples; so was Hawksmoor, (the pupil of Wren,) who erected those cumbrous churches near the Post Office, in Lombard Street, Limehouse, and St. George's in the East; and Archer, the groom-porter, as Walpole justly calls him, who built that of St. John's, Westminster, which looks like the four clumsy ill-carved legs of a butcher's block, or an elephant on his back. The elder Dance, whose mansion-house, in the city, was preferred to a design of Palladio's, from a motive of encouragement to native talent, was a man of some taste, as is proved by his Shoreditch Church, the spire of which is a free and not unhandsome imitation of Bow. He was not a regularly-educated architect, but the best and nearly the only one of his day.

'Batty Langley, it is true, had a school or academy, but his disciples were all carpenters; a few of them, calling themselves surveyors and builders, and practising carpentry and box-making, were alive in my remembrance;—hating the "new-fangled Doric," as they termed it, without a base, as much as they did a shirt without ruffles, or a wig without two good portly curls over each ear and half a yard of tail behind; scorning its simple flutes without fillets, which they compared to ribbed stockings; and sincere in their admiration of the swelling shaft, the rusticated and twisted columns of Batty Langley. The schools at Oxford and the Royal Exchange were their schools; they lamented the shocking innovations of Wyatt and Soane, the more dreadful importations of Stuart, and were nearly going into a fever when the portico of Covent Garden Theatre was opened. Is it not dreadful, said one of these worthies to me, to see young men going back to the old Grecians, upon whom the Romans had so much improved? Had the poor man but lived to have seen his master's taste revived, it might have added a year or two to his existence. Although the taste of Batty Langley has been deservedly censured, he yet formed a class of clever workmen in a certain humble line of the art.

'Such was the state of architecture when our late monarch ascended the throne; and it was fortunate for the arts that he was endowed with a love for, as well as a considerable acquaintance with, them all. In his grandfather's reign, when he was Prince of Wales, he studied architecture, and was taught to delineate its proportions from the rules of Palladio, by the late Sir William Chambers, who was then a naval officer, fond of the art, and who had travelled. His Majesty also studied perspective under the late Mr. Kirby; and his drawings, some of which I have seen,

were correct, and, for their day and style of art, tasteful and elegant.

'Chambers became the royal architect, but threw no new lights on the profession. In its practice, and in the more scientific part of construction, his knowledge was very limited, and his taste impure; yet his works have a chastened correctness of detail in the best style of Italian art.

'In the course of his travels Chambers had visited parts of China, and published a treatise on the gardening and architecture of that strange people; and to him we owe the introduction of their fantastic and inelegant style. We do not observe this out of disrespect to the memory of Sir William; but the existence of these whims demands reprobation from such as have a sense of the importance of a pure taste to the fame of our country; which feeling is of the more consequence in our noble art than in any other, it being more durable, and thus perpetuating the fame or disgrace of a good or a bad taste in a greater degree. The public expected much from one whose official situation rendered him a sort of leader in art; who, as the successor of Wren and Wyatt, should have elevated architectural taste; for if the fountain-head be pure, so will be the streams which flow from it. The beauty of the Parthenon and the Poikile, of the temple of Theseus and the Erectheum, gave birth to the unequalled sculptures of the one and the pictures of the other, in the same style of high art, producing fruit after their kind; for the pure, the divine taste of the architect and his patron refined that of the painter and of the sculptor. Can we expect such fruit from the style which is now unhappily reviving?

If Mr. Elmes's work should be so fortunate as to infuse, what it is well calculated to do, a better taste among our modern architects, or to promote its study, he will have rendered a valuable service to the arts; and if not, we thank him for the endeavour.

The Union of the Roses, a Tale of the Fifteenth Century. In six Cantos, with Notes. 8vo. pp. 180. London, 1821.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the title of this poem refers to the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster, and that historical events connected with that period form its materials; these, though used with a poet's license, are converted into a tale of considerable interest. The poem contains many pretty passages, and it is not deficient either in vigour of sentiment or expression. The description of the battle of Bosworth Field is told with great spirit, and we select it as a fair specimen of the poem:—

'On Bosworth's plain the valiant band
Of noble Richmond made a stand:

In close array they firmly stood,
Fix'd as the mountain 'gainst the flood,
And fearless eyed the dazzling gleam
Of warriors, posted on Arme Beam.
There Richard's forces, vast and strong,
Like mountain torrents roll along;
And five to one, his powerful host,
Made him of vict'ry proudly boast.

'The little army on the plain
Excited but the king's disdain!
"Cowards and vagabonds!" he said,
"A rebel Welshman at their head;
O'er ranks by such a leader train'd,
An easy victory were obtain'd."
Richmond now rode from wing to wing,
From rank to rank, and view'd the king,
Who 'midst his host distinguish'd shone;
His brow was girt with England's crown.
The earl, undaunted with the view,
To charge the squadrons forward flew:
"God and St. George! be our's," he said;
"The people's rights rest on my blade;
This heart's as bold, this arm's as strong,
As his who shines amid you throng:
Soldiers, we fight for freedom's laws,
And heaven will aid the rightful cause!"

'Now trumpet's blast aloud was heard,
And every spark of valour stirr'd.
Brave Oxford led our vanguard on,
And soon the work of death began;
Barb'd arrows flew like hail around,
And ranks of foe-men strew'd the ground:
Long doubtful hung the dreadful fray,—
The king seem'd gaining fast the day,
When, through a cloud of smoke and flame,
To join our banners Stanley came,
Who long had held a centre post,
Ready to side with either host.
The tyrant fear'd this earl might change,
And hostage kept the young Lord Strange.
Soon as he saw the father's choice,
His mandate rang in thund'ring voice:
"What, ho!—behead Lord Stanley's son;
Let Catesby see the deed is done!"
Had Catesby heard, no more the boy
Had fill'd his father's heart with joy;
No more had hail'd the rosy dawn,
Or felt the cheering breeze of morn:
Nature aghast the mandate heard,
And kindly bosoms interfered,
The unoffending youth to save,
A victim from an early grave!

'While ranks with ranks began to close,
And foe to foe their arms oppose,
Nice was the judgment that could know
Where stood a friend, and where a foe:
True English valour warm'd each breast,
As fiercely to the fight they press'd;
Like courage in their bosoms glow,
One language speaks both friend and foe;
Perhaps the hand which wings the dart
Might speed it to a brother's heart!
And the deep groans, which stunn'd the ear,
Be those of friend or kindred dear!
So thought I, as the murky air
Rung with the sounds of keen despair,
With shrieks and agonising groans,
Or death's more faint, yet deeper moans:
Rayless, and set in darkest night,
The eye—which late shone fierce and bright;
The eye, which spoke the daring heart,
Which glanced along, like fiery dart,
From rank to rank, scanning them o'er,
Now closed in death to ope no more!

'Pale was the cheek, late flush'd with ire,
Glowing with youthful vigorous fire;
And still the heart, which beat so high,

With hopes of fame and victory ;
Here stretch'd in death the vigorous form
Which braved, so late, the impending
storm ;

Thus, numbers of our foemen lay.
The King distracted, saw the day
Was well nigh lost :—frantic with rage
He sought Earl Richmond to engage :
Breaking through thousands, near he drew,
Where Richmond's blood-stain'd banner
flew ;

There he the gallant Brandon slew ;
Who, rather than the standard yield,
Bravely met death on Bosworth's field.
Fierce as ten thousand furies, he
Had brought brave Cheyney on his knee,
When Richmond saw the desperate King,
And rush'd through numbers, rank, and
ring,

His course to check ; and hand to hand
They'd fought, had not a num'rous band
Th' intent opposed ; yet braver when
The danger most, to cheer his men
He strove but such attempts proved vain ;
Gasping they strew'd th' ensanguined plain.
Numbers in haste had fled the field,
And Richard's host were forced to yield !
Seeing all lost, with furious yell,
Amongst his foes he rush'd and fell.

Thus bravely died, a man whose life
Had all been spent in fraud and strife ;
Who, from the cradle to the grave,
No virtue had, save being brave !
Midst heaps of slain his corse was found,
Mangled with many a gaping wound :
Ghastly his visage ; black despair,
Revenge, and envy, settled there ;
The starting eyes, with frantic stare,
Still seem'd to roll in horrid glare :
All the base passions might be seen
Concenter'd in his livid mien.
That bauble crown, for which to gain
He scrupled not his soul to stain
With crimes of darkest dye, was found ;
And there the conqueror's brow it bound :
While shouts through both the armies ring,
Of—"Long live Henry !—England's King."

The Meditator,

AN OCCASIONAL PAPER,
No. IV.

—————*Ridiculum, acri*

Fortius et melius, magnas plerumque secat res.
HORACE.

For ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot, where graver reasons fail.

FRANCIS.

THE solution of that knotty problem
which I gave in my last number, may
seem to those who have not made logic
their particular study, as somewhat ir-
relevant to my professed intention of
dedicating this work to myself. But,
as country wisdom says, which sees as
far into cause and effect as an ass into
a bundle of hay, viz. as far as the end
of its nose,—

Sow, if you'd reap,
Bind, if you'd keep,
Look, if you'd leap,
Steal not, if you'd sleep,
But read, if you'd peep
Into other men's brains,

And ensconce for your pains,
What will make you be taken
For Merlin or Bacon.

If the reader had profited as much
by Aristotle as I have—if by vaporiz-
ing of cotton wrapped in molten cylin-
ders, or by burning blessed daylight
down to the socket of twilight, he had
extracted as much wisdom from the art
of reasoning, as would teach a duck-
ling how to dabble, or a nurse to know
a creek from a promontory—he would
see that the apparent want of connection
was owing to nothing more than the
deficiency of middle terms; and if he
had the mother wit of a barnacle, he
would have found that middle term in
the name of my paper.

I should be but a sorry kind of a
Meditator, if my thoughts were to fol-
low each other like the stitches of knit
hose, from one end to the other with-
out dropping or breaking the thread of
continuity. I might as well christen
myself, The Poet, and then begin to
write common sense. No—by jump-
ing from one end of the extension of
human imagination to the other, with-
out a link of thought between—by
making a wry face here, and then
laughing at its phantasm from the op-
posite point in the circle of conception
—by changing the horizon of my wit
to that of its antipodes, in the scintil-
lation of a thunderbolt—in fact, by
doing the very opposite to what I
should—I am all the time letting the
reader into my character—I am telling
him what I wish him to know of my
disposition, as plainly as a patriot that
he wants a pension by declaiming
against secret service-money, or a gos-
pel-trumpeter, from a tub or a stool,
that he wants a fat goose or a plum-
pudding or an endowed pulpit-cushion
to rest his miraculous elbows, when he
preaches to you about laying up trea-
sures in heaven.

To put this into a logical form. I
engage in a delineation of my person—
well—and being a Meditator, if I
would do grace to my profession, I
must think, not in train—but disjunc-
tively, not in reason—but in paradox ;
ergo, —

And, by the bye, I have always
thought, that this immediate contact
of our thoughts, whereby the ideas,
rubbing one against the other, tritu-
rate and pulverize themselves, so that
at length they become like nothing
else upon the face of God's earth, but
the impoissable globules of electricity—
having neither the substance, weight,
or solidity of the most elementary ma-

terial particles—must be a chief cause
why the glib and fluent imagery of
modern compositions, in which the
ideas are worn so as to become wholly
invisible, I suppose by the aforesaid
attrition arising from their number
and closeness, kicks the beam when a
sentence from Shakspeare or Milton is
thrown into the opposite scale. Be-
side, this doctrine of a consecutive ne-
cessity in our ideas, each springing
from the relics of the last, like resur-
rectionary phoenixes, hath a direct
tendency to confirm an opinion which
is daily making great strides to univer-
sality, and gaining almost as many
proselytes as pork, in these mighty
wise times of *nolens volens* salvation-
ists, who are so generous as to lend God
a helping hand to fulfil his own pur-
pose of Jewish redemption—a doc-
trine which I would give the reversion-
ary payment of the national debt to
see knocked on the head—namely,
that abominable and provoking at-
tempt at demonstrating the identity of
the biped which chatters vacant sylla-
bles at my lady's elbow, and that
which grins fraternally at him from
her other shoulder, with a chain round
its hips, to prevent it ousting him from
his station and office, for

—Change places, and handy-dandy ! Which
is the monkey ? Which is the man ?

You will say, how can this assist in
proving a man and a monkey to differ
but in education and posteriors ? I
answer—from the consideration of
the pretensions put forth by the
latter to be the first inventors of
pendulums—the glory of which hath
been falsely attributed to Huy-
gens. Let us consider the foundation
of these pretensions, and then calmly
and dispassionately form our conclu-
sion. The following fact, which is
mentioned in several well-authenticat-
ed histories compiled by the reclaim-
ed part of the species, is that chiefly
relied upon by the other, in further-
ance of their claims. A synagogue is
proclaimed in the wilderness, and, af-
ter a due number of dissertations on
the politics, poetry, laws, finances, &c.
of the monkey-weal, accompanied—
like the meetings of the heterodox
part of the species—with various shrugs,
grimaces, scandals, backbitings, squab-
bles, and mischievous tricks,—from
which analogy, by the bye, they draw
a strong argument in their own favour
—and set forth, by divers exhibitions
of oratory, jugglery, cheatery, preach-
ing, mumping, walking upright when
they should be down on all-four, put-

ting straws across their mouths and calling them pens, clapping birds' nests upon their heads, after having killed the owners and sucked the eggs, and with a pumpkin in one hand, a bull-rush in the other, calling themselves kings and emperors and autocrats; or having worked themselves into a perspiration, by shouting and capering and gesticulating on some rostral bough till they've frightened the woodlice out of their wits, calling themselves patriots and reformers—ranting, chattering, piping, squalling, *their* eloquence, *their* wisdom, *their* philosophy—they at length proceed to the practical business of the state. The first mounts as high as he can go upon a lofty tree, and wraps me his queue round a horizontal branch, a good way out from the stem, and letting his body swing like a thief hung by the heels, affords a short rope of descent for the second, who has followed him up the tree. This gentleman claps me his tail in the first gentleman's mouth, and swings in his turn, thus making a second link; and so on, each 'squire gives the whip-end of him to his posterior neighbour, till they form a pendulum of monkeys down to the ground. This is clearly Huygen's principle, only a little more ingeniously set forth; for though I have not heard that they have applied it to correcting the motion of the sun, or furnishing the brotherhood with a clearer notion of time or eternity, yet it is manifestly superior in this, that it hath the principle of motion within itself; and if it regulates no clock, 'tis only because there is no clock to regulate, which is none of its fault, and, therefore, the objection is groundless. At all events, it is plain, that the wits of the wilderness of monkeys jumped with Huygens's, in the invention of this instrument, and he made use of it first, that's all! as Puff says. Hence we see, they have a well-defined notion of consecutive associations of bodies—but, as Mr. Hume hath indubitably proved, bodies (and, therefore, monkees) are nothing but bundles of ideas—hence, having a notion of consecutive bodies, and bodies being ideas, it follows that they have a notion of consecutive ideas, i. e. they have consecutive ideas. Q. E. D.

This people adduce many other proofs of their consanguinity, but none of them, I think, so clearly decisive as the above. For, it does not prove merely that we agree in the common property of having consecutive ideas—which, I doubt, would go near proving

a monkey to be an angel as well as a man—but, moreover, that their intelligence is of the same kind as our's, existing itself upon such little mechanical contrivances as I have mentioned. Now all these similarities between the two bipedal sects, together with their close agreement in external form, afford a body of evidence too cogent to be dismissed, as it usually is with us, with the little consideration philosophers have given to the subject.

I may now go on with my logical form. Being a Meditator, which means,—not exactly a madman—but one who thinks in a style no person of common sense would conceive, the very opposite to what his last thoughts would lead him—this being the case, it follows, that having described a man, I hope, in my own person, my thoughts should then fly off to the very opposite of every thing human—and if this be not the *affair* which I described so categorically in my last number, why clap me in an oyster-shell, and sell me with a dozen, to fat an alderman or stuff a crammed turkey poult—I will be content to transfigure into the generation of a sopranic-singer or a Spanish mule, if this make not the flesh and blood and spirit and life of the subject of the above-mentioned problem.

WILDERNESSE.

Original Communications.

'EDWARD'S SHOVEL-BOARDS.'

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

Slender.—'Ay, by these gloves did he (or I might never come in mine own great chamber again else) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward Shovel-boards*, that cost me two shillings and two pence a-piece of yead miller by these gloves.'

Merry Wives of Windsor.

SIR,—Douce, Farmer, Malone, and other commentators, have noticed this expression. Stevens says, that one of these *pieces of metal* is mentioned in Middleton's comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:—

—'Away slid I, my man, like a shovel-board shilling,' &c.

which seems to imply that he did not consider them as a current coin. But Farmer asserts, that the *Edward shovel-boards* were the *broad* shillings of Edward VI.; and that Taylor, in his note to his *Travel of Twelvence*, tells us, that 'Edward's shillings, for the most part, are used at *shoave-board*.' Malone and Douce concur in the same opinion, but their notes are too long for me to quote.

Now, Farmer, (whom Malone, I think, extracts,) bears out Stevens in his supposition, that these *pieces* were not of silver; for he talks of having seen them of the weight of half-an-ounce and an ounce,—certes, an ounce of silver could not have been a saleable commodity at two shillings and two-pence of our friend Slender's money.

I happen to have one of the *broad* shillings of Edw. VI. The size of it equals one of our present half-crown pieces, but it is very thin, and has no milling nor raised edge to protect the impression from injury, and, consequently, a great part of it is obliterated, particularly on the reverse. Its weight, I take it, is about equal to that of the current shilling.

I should like to have a game of 'shoave-board.'—I wish some of your readers would acquaint you with it for me. Your's, &c. L. L. D.

—♦♦♦—
'AS SURE AS GOD'S IN GLOUCESTER-SHIRE.'

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Mr. Wildernesse having mentioned 'as sure as God's in Glo'ster,' in your last number, I have sent you an explanation given in the *British Apollo* as its origin, and remain, Sir, your well-wisher and constant reader,

ANTIQ.

'When the Romish faith was universally received in England, Gloucestershire was, more than all the other counties, filled with convents, nunneries, and such like houses, dedicated to God's service; who, because his influence shone more brightly there than elsewhere, was imagined, by the common people, more immediately conversant with the men of Gloucestershire than other people.'

MISERIES OF AN AUTHOR.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

OH, MR. EDITOR, MR. EDITOR!—Didst thou but know how many times we have essayed to procure a snug corner in one of the columns of thy most excellent periodical,—how many scraps, both of verse and prose, we have forwarded to thee,—how many sheets of paper we have used,—or, what is much worse, how many two-pences we have paid for the postage thereof;—I say, if thou didst know all these things, and hadst any bowels of compassion, thou wouldst take pity on us. How often have we seated ourself in our arm-chair, by a fire almost as dull as

our own pericranium, to imagine, digest, and commit to paper some excellent and valuable article for *The Literary Chronicle*; oft have we twitched our most respected nose, for no other earthly reason than to secure ourselves from the somniferous effects of our epistle; but when some bright idea has flashed upon our soul, how our eyes have sparkled, we have rubbed our hands with delight, and—continued. When we had finished, with what a paternal fondness did we peruse what we had written; and, when we came to any happy expression or well-turned period, what a smile of self-complacency did illumine our visage. Having satiated ourselves with its numerous beauties, we carefully folded it up, and putting our hand into our breeches' pocket, where we keep our share of the copper coin of the realm, we drew therefrom two pence, which we gave with the letter to our little maid Jenny, to take to the Post Office. How anxiously did we long for Saturday, and when it arrived and we received our *Chronicle*, with a palpitation of heart and with great emotion did we open each separate and individual page; but in vain did our eyes wander up and down,—we could not find our unfortunate communication! At this disappointment, the corners of our mouth did verily sink downwards at least an inch, and a long-winded sigh did issue from the very bottom of our lungs. We then turned to the part inscribed 'to readers and correspondents.' But even there we could find nothing that concerned us. This was certainly very vexatious, and, had it happened but once, we should have consoled ourselves with the supposition that the postman had lost it, or that Jenny had pocketed the money and sent the letter to the—no matter where; but as the occurrence has been so frequent, we are compelled to conclude that our letters have formed a much closer connexion with thy fireplace than we had intended, and thus, like many other of our plans, ended in smoke, or that the precious offspring of our brain will find its way home as the envelope of a three-farthing rush-light or a quarter of a pound of cheese, which would undoubtedly be a severe shock to the feelings of thy already disconsolate humble servant,

NOODLE.

* We are quite unconscious of having neglected the communications of our correspondent Noodle, but should this have been the case, we hope he will accept, as the *amende honorable*, our prompt insertion of his letter.—ED

THE INQUISITION AT LISBON.

THE most hateful of all tribunals, the Inquisition, was introduced into Spain in the year 1478, and established in Portugal, at the pressing solicitation of King John III., about the year 1536. From this time until the recent revolution in Portugal, its power has been unchecked, and the details of its proceedings, even such as have transpired, chill us with horror. With what delight then must every friend to humanity hail that act of the Cortes, in Portugal, by which this infernal tribunal is abolished.

In a recent sitting of the Cortes, it was resolved that the dungeons of the Inquisition should be thrown open. An Englishman, at Lisbon, who had the opportunity of examining them, gives the following description of this horrible place—horrible from its very plan and construction, but a thousand times more horrible from its having been the scene of so many murders, committed in the abused name of religion. The letter, from which we make the following extract, is dated Lisbon, October 20, 1821:

'I send you a description of the Inquisition at this place, which I have been to visit. At the sitting of the Cortes, on the 10th inst., Senor Figueras presented a letter from the keeper of the Inquisition, stating, that on the building being opened for public inspection, the people had behaved in a very disorderly manner, breaking open doors and carrying away papers, &c. and that several persons had actually cried out that the building should be burned, whilst they held lighted candles in their hands, as if about to put their threats into execution; which, he stated, they would have done but for the interposition of the guards. The keeper therefore prayed that measures should be taken to prevent the recurrence of such scenes. Senor Bastos said, that if any such disorders, as had been described, had occurred, it was owing to the refusal of the keepers to shew the instruments of torture and the lower cells of the prison to the visitants. In his opinion, these gentlemen (the keepers) cherished a religious respect for the tribunal, of which they spoke with apparent veneration. As it was apprehended the people might set fire to the place, it would be better to suspend lamps in various parts, and not allow the visitants to carry lights.—Senor Fernando Thomas proposed that an inscription, of

which the following is a translation, should be fixed on every place occupied by the Inquisition in Portugal:

'“May eternal malediction follow every Portuguese who does not hold for ever in abhorrence an invention so infernal.”

'On the 8th of October, the Inquisition at Lisbon was thrown open for public inspection, and, for the first four days, the concourse of people of all descriptions that crowded to view it was so great, that the pressure at the entrance made it an enterprize of some risk. The building is a large oblong, with a garden in the centre; there are three floors, with a number of vaulted passages, along the sides of which are cells of different sizes, from six by seven feet to eight by nine feet. Each cell has two doors; the inner one of iron, the outer of oak, very strong. As there are no windows in the cells on the ground and middle floors, no light is admitted when the doors are shut. The cells on the upper floor are larger than the others, and each has an aperture like a chimney, through which the sky is visible. These were appropriated to the use of those who, it was supposed, might be liberated. In the roof of each cell (for they are all vaulted) is a small aperture of about an inch in diameter, and a private passage runs over each range; so that the persons employed by the Holy Office could at any time observe the conduct of the prisoners unseen, and, if two persons were confined in one cell, hear their conversation. There are seats in these private passages so contrived, that a person sitting might inspect two of the cells at the same time, as, by a turn of the head, he could fix his eye upon the hole over either cell at pleasure; or he could hear what was said in either. The persons appointed to listen to the discourse of the prisoners wore cloth shoes; so that their footsteps could not be heard.

'Frequently a familiar of the Holy Office was put into the cell of a prisoner, as a person arrested, in order to entrap the unfortunate inmate of this horrible place into admissions that might afterwards be used against him. I saw, in several of the cells, human skulls and bones; most of them appeared to have lain there for many years, as I broke some of them easily with my fingers; others were hard and fresh. In a number of the cells the names of the unhappy inmates were written on the walls: some had strokes, apparently marking the number of

days or weeks the victims of this horrid tyranny had been confined. On the wall of one cell I counted upwards of 500 of these marks. On the wall of another of the cells was written, "Francisco Joze Carvalho, entered here the last day of March, 1809, and remained as many days as there are strokes in the wall." On the wall of another cell there was written "John Laycock;" the name had been covered with white-wash, which had scaled off. There were a number of strokes under the name, and the figures 18 were easily made out; the others were obliterated. Some of the cells, which had not been used for several years, were locked up, but the visitants soon broke them open. Human bones were found in many of these. In one was found part of a friar's habit, with a waist girdle of rope and some bones. The apertures, like chimneys, in some of the cells were closed; and I have been informed that it was a common mode of putting prisoners to death, to place them in these apertures, which were then walled up, and quick lime being poured in from the top, a speedy end was put to their sufferings. The furniture is very old: the chairs in the halls are covered with leather, studded all round with very large brass nails. I send you a piece of leather with one of these nails, taken from one of the best chairs. The large tables in the halls had drawers for papers; these the visitants broke open, every one being desirous of obtaining some relic of the once terrible Inquisition. In several of the cells there were mattresses, some of them old, others nearly new; which proves that the Inquisition was no bugbear up to a very recent date. Besides the three floors which I have described, there are a number of cells underground, which have not yet been opened.

'These, it is supposed, contain the apparatus for inflicting the torture, &c.—It is understood that these will shortly be thrown open to the public; when they are, I shall not fail to visit them, and shall send you a description. The spot on which the Inquisition stands was covered with houses in 1755, when the great earthquake happened, by which they were laid in ruins; so that the present building has not been erected more than sixty years, and all the victims that were immolated in it must have been sacrificed within that period.'

* For an account of the origin of the Inquisition, and a statement of the number of its victims, see *The Literary Chronicle*, Nos. 47, and 51.—ED.

ORIGIN OF THE PRIDE OF RANK.

BY THE REV. G. TOWNSHEND.

I KNOW that I shall indeed be deemed fanciful, if I merely hint at the possible origin of a strange peculiarity in the history of the human race,—the origin of pride of rank. The tables of pedigree were carefully preserved among the Jews, that the line in which the Messiah was to descend might be kept distinct; and the genealogy of the priests be recorded, to prevent the intrusion of improper persons into the sacred office. The tables of pedigree were handed down from the beginning, and, either in tradition or in letters, must have been preserved among the Patriarchs. The first beginnings of idolatry were, an attempt to set aside the acknowledged line of the future Messiah. Nimrod assumed the title of 'the Son;' assuming, most probably, as Mr. Faber with much ingenuity has attempted to prove, the name and office of their expected Messiah. To effect this, he must have been able to make out some title from his descent, which was from Ham, the eldest son of Noah; who, according to the usual customs of the Patriarchs, would have inherited the birth-right; one of the privileges of which was, to be the progenitor of the branch from which one parent of the Messiah was to descend. The Patriarchs esteemed that line of descent to be the most noble, from which the Messiah was to be born: the excluded tribes would not easily resign their claims; they too, therefore, would preserve their line of descent, and the ambition of being supposed to have descended from some celebrated ancestor would have become universal. Ishmael, for instance, as the first-born of Abraham, is said, by the best commentators, to have derided Isaac, because he claimed the inheritance and the birth-right, which were allotted to Isaac. The Arabians still commemorate the immediate descendants of Ishmael, and boast of their lofty descent; and there is much traditional evidence on record to show that it is not improbable that they remembered and asserted in those early times the claims of their progenitor. The Edomites undoubtedly opposed Israel on this account; and we know that this family were so tenacious of their pedigree, that it has even been inserted by Moses in the sacred canon; as if to prove to the surrounding nations at the time when the Pentateuch was written, by the miracles which he wrought, that the line of Esau was re-

jected, and that of Jacob approved. The people of Edom must have known that the ancestors enumerated in their tables, had apostatised from the worship of Jehovah, and could bring no proof that they were entitled to the birth-right, except the sole circumstance, that their father had been the elder born of Isaac. In opposition to this claim, he relates, minutely, the sale of his birth-right by Esau; the subsequent blessing of Isaac; the perseverance of Jacob and his family in the true religion; the uninterrupted pedigree of Jacob; and the evident proofs of a miraculous nature, by which God confirmed the right of the second brother to the forfeited inheritance of the elder. Though it is true that men wish to be renowned, as partaking in some measure of the honour of their fathers, yet when these tables of pedigree were first formed, little or no temptation of this kind existed. They were compiled for political and religious purposes; and were, therefore, entirely independent of any of those feelings which are the offspring of a more advanced stage of society. All this, however, is a theory which may be rejected at pleasure. The fact is certainly curious, that in the very earliest ages men should be so anxious to preserve the respective tables of descent, and identify themselves with the names of their fathers. *Classical Journal*, No. XLVII.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS.

The following stanzas were written to describe the feelings of an early acquaintance of the author's, who married a female in circumstances much beneath his own: he raised her from a state of poverty to comparative affluence, and treated her with the utmost kindness.—But what avails kindness when the heart is vicious? She left him, to mourn, too late, his weakness and the inconstancy of woman.

'Tis done, and thou hast left the heart
That beat for thee alone,
And I have lost my better part,
And now am sad and lone;

A friendless being 'mid the group
Who compass me around,—
A wither'd tree condemn'd to droop
Beneath a cureless wound.

It was not kind, it was not well
To fill my breast with care;
Thou'dst think so, couldst thou view the hell
The crime has planted there.

I thought thy beauty form'd to bless,
Nor deem'd thee what thou art;
I snatch'd thee from a wilderness,
And placed thee in my heart.

When wild ideas lay afloat,
Along my aching brain,

I took thee as an antidote,
But thou hast prov'd my bane.

I might have cull'd full many a flower
Of fairer tint than thee;
I might have known a happier hour,
But now it ne'er can be.

Thou wert my heav'n, my life, my love,—
All others I despis'd;
My peace on earth, my hopes above
For thee I've sacrificed.

I laid my head at night to rest
In confidence by thine,
Nor deem'd there dwelt within thy breast
A thought to injure mine.

And thus hast thou my love repaid,
Thus perfected thy vow;
And thus hast thou my bosom made
The soulless thing 'tis now.

There heaves no heart in this wide world
Will feel one throb for me;
None from so lov'd a throne is hurl'd
As that I found in thee.

Yet would I not that throne regain,
Tho' deep the pangs I feel;—
I grant ye, it might ease my pain,
But never could it heal.

'Tis fixt within me far too deep,—
It dwells upon my breath;
Naught can remove it but that sleep,
Misnam'd by many death.

That slumber were more welcome now
Than any I have known
Before or since the time when thou
First said thou wast my own.

I need not tell thee what I felt
When came that lovely night,
And on each look, each word I dwelt,
In rapturous delight.

E'en now I feel it thrilling sweet
Along each glowing vein.—
Away the thought—I cannot meet
That look, that smile again.

Imagine all the breast can feel
In chains of rapture bound;
Perhaps that vision may reveal
A feeling yet unfound.

Imagine all the soul can know
Before its Maker's shrine,
When he forgives its deeds below—
And 'twill not equal mine.

Then smile not that I'm wretched now,
Nor sneer at what I bear,
Nor raise thy once angelic brow
In scorn of my despair.

When I am low, perhaps thou wilt
Remember me with grief,
And mourn thy deed, so cloth'd in guilt
It mocks at all relief.

O woman! woman! lovely thing,
Who prizes thee too much
Will find thou bear'st the viper's sting,—
There's ruin in thy touch.

Thy smile is but the deadly smile
The face of ocean wears;
Thy glance the unresisting wile
The tyger's eye-ball bears.

O, shun her smiles, as you would shun
The fiend that works your ill,
And you will find, as I have done,
Yourself a victor still.

For fatal is the pleasing thrill
She causes o'er the mind;

Take of her joys whate'er you will
There 's bitterness behind.

I found it such,—ye 'll find it so,—
Ye 'll feel as I have felt;
The icy column of your woe
No sun of joy shall melt.

But thou, false woman, if thou e'er
Shalt know one hour of thought,
Oh! pause amid thy wild career,
And sorrow as thou ought.

I would not wish thee wretched, tho'
My peace thou hast destroy'd,
Nor would I that thy breast should know
In mine the dreary void.

There are but few—there breathe but few
Who grieve at my distress,
And fewer still are they who knew
Or felt its bitterness.

And fewer still are they who feel
The agony it brings;
And fewer yet, who wish to heal
Or rid it of its stings.

The time has been—the time is now,
When I must feel it more,
Nor knows my aching bosom how
It bore it so before.

Then come what will, or come what may,
That bosom shall not shrink;—
Some tell me of a better day—
Of that I dare not think.

That day has past, and I am thrown
Upon the restless sea:
Alas! so desolate and lone
I never thought to be.

There was a time when fortune's dart
Hath no remembrance left;
But what avails it now,—the heart
Of every joy bereft.

But tell me, tell me not of joy,—
Away, away the thought;
To me 'twas but a foolish toy,
Alas! too dearly bought.

With it I buoy'd my spirits up,
Nor thought upon the past,
I quaff'd the sweet, the poisonous cup—
Oh, would it were the last!

Far, far away my footsteps roam,
In wild and hostile climes;
But these are better than the home
Polluted by thy crimes.

Farewell, for ever—oh, farewell,
Once dear and lovely!—Yet
I would, but cannot wish thee well!
Thought dares me to forget.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

Fine Arts.

*Assassination of L. S. Dentatus,
painted by B. R. Haydon, drawn
on Wood and engraved by his pupil,
WILLIAM HARVEY.*

It has been too much the fashion to speak very slightly of wood engravings. Mr. Harvey will, however, by this single performance, redeem that branch of the Fine Arts from neglect: for it is not only one of the largest, but is, on the whole, the finest wood engraving we ever saw.

The art of wood engraving, which is now beginning to be duly cultivated, and will be more so, when it is seen from this picture of how much it is capable, is much older than copperplate engraving. The first engraving on wood, of which we have any record in Europe, is that of 'The Actions of Alexander,' by the two Cunios, which was executed about the year 1285. These were eight in number, of a good size, being about nine inches by six. In a frontispiece, decorated with fanciful ornaments, there is an inscription which states these engravings to have been by 'Alessandro Alberico Cunio Cavaliere and Isabella Cunio, twin brother and sister,' and that they were 'first executed in relief with a small knife, on blocks of wood made even and polished by this learned and dear sister; continued and finished by us together at Ravenna, from the eight pictures of our invention, painted six times larger than here represented; engraved, explained by verses, and thus marked upon the paper to perpetuate the number of them, and to enable us to present them to our relations and friends in testimony of gratitude, friendship, and affection. All this was done and finished by us when only sixteen years of age.'

Such was the origin of wood engraving; the art, thus early discovered, owed its greatest improvements to the Germans. Albert Durer, Scharefellen, Burgman, and other able masters of the German school drew the designs upon the blocks, and left the cutting to the ordinary engravers. The engravers of the present day seldom draw themselves, but get the designs executed upon the wood by some other artist. It was not so, however, with Mr. Harvey, who, we believe, was a pupil of the celebrated Bewick, of Newcastle—a name dear to the Fine Arts, and which is intimately connected with the history of wood engraving.

The original picture, one of the best painted by Mr. Haydon, is so well known and the subject so familiar to every reader, that we need not revert either to history or the merit of the painting. The drawing, from which the engraving has been executed, was made by Mr. Harvey himself, and we recollect it as one of the most exquisite we ever witnessed. All the spirit of the drawing, and, we had almost said, all the beauty of the original picture, have been transferred to the wood block, at least as closely as we conceive engraving of any kind can ap-

proach painting. The expression and anatomy are so excellent, and every varied texture, whether of flesh, air, fur, or metal, is so distinctly marked, that we are quite astonished at the art which approaches so near to reality.

This engraving, which places Mr. Harvey in the first rank of British artists, also places the British school of wood engraving above every other in the world.

Statue to the Memory of the Duke of Kent.

It will be recollected that soon after the death of that amiable member of our royal family, the Duke of Kent, a subscription was opened for the purpose of erecting a statue to his memory. This subscription amounted to 1300l., and a committee was appointed to carry the object into execution. Several models were submitted to the committee, (for it was open to competition, and not the job of an artist,) and that by Sebastian Gabagan being most approved of, it was adopted. The statue is now nearly ready for public inspection. The duke appears in an erect posture, standing in his robes, underneath which the uniform of a field marshal is conspicuously blended. His Royal Highness leans on a pedestal. The right arm reclines on the Bible; the left supports the flowing drapery, underneath which appear the arms of the House of Guelph. The pedestal is composed of a pure block of Aberdeen granite. There is in the countenance a mingled expression of august dignity, pious awe, and chastened ecstasy, which gives an air of sublimity to the whole. No place is yet fixed upon for its erection; but it is supposed, that the crescent, at the top of Portland-place, will be the spot selected.

The Ladies' Monument to commemorate the Victories of the British Arms in the Peninsula.

'Who would fill a coward's grave' when heroes are so distinguished that even ladies express their admiration, not merely as Desdemona did of the exploits of Othello, but in erecting splendid monuments to perpetuate their well-earned glories. It is now, we believe, about six or seven years since a very liberal subscription was raised by the ladies of Great Britain for this purpose; and the stupendous and magnificent work of art for which they contributed is now completed, and will shortly occupy the place of

the 'Regent's Bomb' in St. James's Park.

The monument is a colossal statue, eighteen feet high, and is cast from cannon taken during the war. The original of the figure is on the Monte Cavallo; it is naked and in an attitude of defiance not unlike the gladiator. In the right hand is a Roman sword, and on the left arm an orbicular shield. A massive fold of drapery falls over the left arm; and behind the body of the statue on the right side is placed the cuirass and armour, about seven feet high, which is introduced for the purpose of balancing the height of the figure. The figure is not so muscular as the Hercules of Praxiteles, but it has the fulness and energy of youth. The statue weighs three tons, and has been executed by Mr. Richard Westmacott, R. A.

Such is the description (stripped of a few embellishments) given in some of the papers of the 'Ladies Monument.' Of its merits as a work of art we will not speak until we have seen it, which, we confess, we have not; but we shall make a few remarks on the propriety of habiting a British hero or a statue to commemorate British victories in a Roman costume. We admire the prowess and military talents of the Romans, but is there any thing more glorious in their whole history, in this respect, than Wellington and the band of heroes who fought with him in the Peninsula exhibited? Did Fabius evince more caution, or Cæsar and Scipio overcome greater difficulties, or gain more glorious triumphs than the hero of Waterloo? Why, then, shall we erect a Roman statue to perpetuate a British triumph? The Greeks and Romans did better: the statues they erected in honour of their heroes portrayed not only the countenance but the national costume; and what was a laudable custom in ancient Greece and Rome, that of perpetuating their manners and their customs, is not unworthy of our imitation.

The antiquary, when searching the ruins of Herculaneum, of Pompeii, of Palmyra, of Athens, or of the splendid monuments of antiquity in Egypt, values every relic he finds, not so much for the mere stone or marble, or even for its age, but that it enables him to form a more correct opinion of the Romans, the Greeks, or the Egyptians;—the form it wears being some contribution towards illustrating the manners and customs of the people, the great object of his researches. Let

us, by anticipation, transport ourselves to the year 2821, a thousand years hence. Every thing at present breathing in the world will then have returned to its primitive dust, and scarcely an existing establishment will rear its head. Let us picture to our imagination the curious (of God knows what people) searching in the dust for some relics, and, meeting with those of the present generation, they find the 'Ladies' Monument' to perpetuate British victories, mutilated sadly no doubt: What will be their opinion of our taste and their disappointment, when they find a British hero, not in the dress of his time—not in the dress of his country, but in the inappropriate habit of a Roman. The inscription may, perhaps, assure them for what it was intended, but they must condemn it as a strange instance of perverted taste, and rank us very differently from what we rank ourselves.

'They order these matters better in France.' The celebrated piece of sculpture, erected to the memory of General Dessaix, who fell at Marengo, combines all the grace and expression of the Greek school, but in strict unison with the French costume. We there see the brave Dessaix as it were in the agonies of death, habited as he really died, and surrounded with the genuine emblems of his profession, and which, in future ages, will be doubly valuable for their fidelity. With us the case is different: in our public monument 'the voice [inscription] is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau.'

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—On Tuesday evening Mr. Kean appeared in a new character, a circumstance which always attracts considerable interest among the lovers of the drama. It was that of De Montfort, in Mrs. Joanna Baillie's tragedy of that name. It is generally known that, many years ago, this lady wrote a series of dramas, not intended for the stage, entitled 'Plays on the Passions,' in which it was attempted to construct each play on some particular passion of the mind. That of De Montfort was founded on hatred, one of the most repulsive of all the passions. It is now, we believe, twenty-one years since this tragedy was tried on the stage, when the principal characters were sustained by Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons; their talents carried it through a few nights; since

which time De Montfort has been read and admired in the closet. It has now been re-modelled by the fair author herself, and produced a second time: of the policy of this we say little, though it might have suggested itself, that what failed in the hands of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, was not likely to be very successful with Mr. Kean and Mrs. Egerton. It must, however, be admitted, that the character of De Montfort was not suited to the talents of Kemble; for although he was the 'noblest Roman of them all,' he was incapable of expressing sullen hate or undignified revenge, and such are the pictures of De Montfort's character. As it is long since the tragedy appeared, we shall give an outline of the story:—

The temper of De Montfort, which was naturally amiable, has been clouded and his health injured by an unaccountable hatred which he conceives against the Marquis Rezenvelt, (Mr. Cooper,) a nobleman resident in the neighbourhood. Lady Jane, (Mrs. Egerton,) De Montfort's sister, observed the dejected and changed character of her brother, without knowing the cause, but her affectionate kindness keeps his feelings under some restraint. De Montfort and Rezenvelt quarrel,—a duel ensues,—the former is disarmed by Rezenvelt, who, however, gives him his life, and afterwards they meet at a splendid fete given by Count Freberg, (Mr. Barnard.) Here Lady Jane mingles with the company, disguised under a veil. De Montfort not recognizing her, pays her particular attention, but afterwards discovers she is his sister, and confesses to her his hatred of Rezenvelt; a temporary reconciliation is effected; but De Montfort suspecting an attachment between his sister and Rezenvelt, his hatred revives with double force, and he secretly waylays and murders him, in the recesses of the forest. The murderer is seized and taken to a neighbouring convent, where Lady Jane and Freberg arrive, and witness his remorse and disgrace. The agony of De Montfort at last becomes too great for nature to sustain, and he expires by the side of his victim's corpse.

Although there is much vigorous and elegant language in this tragedy, yet we think its construction decidedly objectionable. In perceiving the diminutive seeds of hatred swelling till they extend to a base, foul, and unnatural murder, we seek for the cause; and what do we find? Why that Rezenvelt, a generous, gay, and amiable fellow, offended De Montfort when a school-boy; that in after life he became richer and more beloved; and that lastly, he twice gave this fiendish hero of a tragic tale, that life of which

he had twice sought to derive his unoffending friend. There is now another reason for De Montfort's hate alluded to in the renovated tragedy, that of Rezenvelt having thwarted him in love, but this is merely glanced at; and for the first three acts of the play we consider him a pitiable maniac, in the two last an atrocious monster. Mrs. Inchbald has said, that the author's talents 'invest with dignity this cowardly assassin, and he inspires a sublime horror to the last moment of his existence.' We differ, however, with this excellent critic, and think the horrors terrific but not sublime. The acting of Mr. Kean in this character will add another ray to that glory with which his 'brows are crowned.' There were scenes in which he gave such an appalling picture of those baneful passions, hatred and revenge, that we feared to look upon him, and almost instinctively shrunk with horror from the frightful spectacle. In the scene in which he sees his sister walking with Rezenvelt, and watches all his attentions towards her until he takes her hand, his passion works him into an absolute phrenzy; and when, burning with rage, he rushes on his victim and is disarmed by him, the mortified disappointment which he felt was depicted in a style which we thought beyond the reach of art; and was only equalled by the expression of fixed despair, remorse, and anguish, which he exhibited in the convent when left alone with the cold corpse of his murdered victim.

The character of Jane de Montfort, which is as amiable as that of her brother is repulsive, was played with much judgment by Mrs. Egerton. We have seen Cooper to more advantage than in Rezenvelt, for which he has scarcely sufficient buoyancy. The other characters were well sustained, and the play was extremely well received by a crowded audience; the acting of Kean during the performance being frequently interrupted by the loudest plaudits. The tragedy was repeated on Wednesday and Thursday with increased effect.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Macready made his first appearance for the season at this theatre on Tuesday night, in Mr. Knowles' tragedy of *Virginus*. The return of this gentleman to the metropolis at a time when it is by no means rich in talent, is a subject of congratulation to the frequenters of the theatre; and he was welcomed, on his entré, with overwhelming applause.

The part of Virginus is one peculiarly suited to the powers of Mr. Macready; and, perhaps, he seldom exerted those powers more happily than on this evening. His pleadings before the consular throne, when urging his claims as the father of Virginus, were very energetic; and when Icilius, doubting that he would have the hardihood to stand the test of his claim to call Virginus daughter, exclaims, 'Sure he will not swear;' the tone and manner of the distracted father's reply—'To be sure he will!' electrified the house, and called down the most enthusiastic approbation. In the absence of Mr. Charles Kemble, who, we believe, has quitted this theatre for the Haymarket, Mr. Abbott assumed the part of Icilius, and, though certainly much inferior to his predecessor, exerted himself considerably, and, we had almost said, successfully: at all events, it would have been difficult to get a better representative of the character in the present company—Mr. Young, who cannot play second, excepted. Miss Foote was lovely as ever in Virginus, which is a character in which we always delight to see her.

The *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, converted into a sort of opera, like the *Comedy of Errors*, was produced at this theatre on Thursday evening, in a style of uncommon splendour. It is too late in the week for us to enter into details; but we may remark that the songs introduced are principally from the works of Shakespeare, and that the execution of them was entrusted to Miss M. Tree and Miss Hallande, who sustained the characters of Julia and Sylvia, and were warmly encored in several of the airs. Jones's Valentine was excellent, and Liston's Launce amusing but coarse. He had the aid of a large Newfoundland dog, 'Crab,' who played his part as well as the best of them. In the fourth act there is a great deal of rich and gorgeous scenery, representing the Carnival, the emblematical procession of the Seasons and the Elements, with Thetis and Cleopatra's galley, and the river Cydnus, and "all that." As a spectacle it was certainly excellent (and might have been a good substitute for a Christmas pantomime,) but it was Mr. Farley's, and not Shakespeare's, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; it was, however, quite successful.

SURREY THEATRE.—On Wednesday night Miss Macauley had a benefit at this house, which, owing to the wetness of the evening, was not as well attended

as her merits deserved. The play was *George Barnwell*, in which she supported the character of the infamous Millwood with great talent. *Le petit Souper*, a melange which Miss Macauley has given with great success in other parts of the metropolis followed; and seemed to afford much gratification to the Surrey visitors.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—A new piece, from the pen of Mr. Moncrieff, was produced at this house, on Monday night, on a scale of magnificence which is seldom witnessed in a minor theatre. It is entitled *Tom and Jerry*, and is founded on Pierce Egan's *Life in London*, a work in high favour with 'the fancy.' The object of this piece is to represent, faithfully, the varied scenes which the metropolis presents; and this is done in twenty excellent scenes, exhibiting life in all its varieties, and 'shewing the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.' The story is that of a young country gentleman, Squire Hawthorn, coming to London to see 'Life,' where his friends, Corinthian Tom and Bob Logic, take him to every place at which 'life' is to be seen, from Almack's down to the Noah's Ark in the Holy Land. The last scene presented a group of beggars, as well dressed for the purpose of exciting pity and operating on the feelings of the humane, as the Mendicity Society itself could collect: even the costume and the names of some of the most notorious of the London mendicants were preserved in this fac simile of a Beggar's Opera in St. Giles's. The scenery was excellent, and the performers exerted themselves with much spirit, particularly Wrench, Burroughs, and Wilkinson, the heroes of the piece; and Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Waylett, and Mrs. Hammersley, the heroines, assumed a variety of characters which they enacted very appropriately. Mr. Callaghan sustained, we believe, nine different characters, which, though extremely varied, he portrayed very happily. The house was crowded to excess before the rising of the curtain, and the piece is likely to prove a great favourite.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A new melodrama of extravagant but powerful interest, was produced at this theatre on Monday night: it is called *Le Solitaire, or the Recluse of the Alps*, and is adapted from a French piece now performing at Paris with great success; it is indebted for its English dress to Mr. Planché. The following is an outline of the story;—

Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, struck with remorse for the crime of murder, of which he had been guilty, determines to retire altogether from society, and, by a life of solitude and repentance, to endeavour to atone for his misdeeds; and he suddenly leaves his court, and takes up his abode in a lonely cottage on the summit of a portion of the Alps, called the Desert Mountain. Here he assumes the garb and habits of a recluse, but occasionally visits the poor inhabitants of the valley, alleviating their distresses and dispensing good to all, always, however, appearing closely disguised, and seldom exchanging a word with them. In this valley is situate the Priory of Underiach, the seat of D'Hertsall, with whom is residing his niece, Eloise, the orphan child of St. Maur, who had been murdered by the Solitary. The fame of the Solitary has reached the priory, and his many acts of benevolence have already excited a strong interest in the mind of the fair Eloise; and he, having had opportunities of seeing her in her walks, is inspired with the strongest passion, but, conscious that his crimes preclude the possibility of a union, he resolves to watch over and protect her with the solicitude of a guardian angel. At this time, the Count de Palzo, an ambitious intriguing libertine, sees Eloise, becomes enamoured of her, and having obtained permission of the baron to rest a day or two at the priory, he employs his confidant, Michelli, and others of his vassals, to carry her off. The plan, however, is thwarted by the Solitary, who rescues her from the ruffians, and drives Michelli to the Desert Mountain, where he extorts from him all the villainous secrets of his master, with which he acquaints Eloise. De Palzo then asks Eloise in marriage, but she rejects him, and in an interview in the gardens of the priory, she discloses her knowledge of his secrets, at which he becomes furious, and is about to stab her, when she is again preserved by the intervention of the Solitary, who declares his passion to Eloise, and obtains an acknowledgment that it is reciprocal. Still the dreadful obstacles which his crimes present, rush upon his mind, and, after a powerful struggle, he resolves to leave her for ever, now that he has secured her from danger; and he accordingly returns to the mountain. De Palzo, meanwhile, attacks and fires the priory, and D'Hertsall and Eloise escape to the Desert Mountain, where the Solitary ventures to solicit her in marriage; D'Hertsall demands as a preliminary, that the Solitary should disclose his name and quality; the latter raises his vizor, and the Baron with horror discovers in the suitor of his niece, the seducer of his own child and the murderer of his brother. The Duke solicits forgiveness, but in vain: the Baron imprecates the heaviest curses upon his head. The discovery is too much for the tender-hearted Eloise; a death-chill comes over her, and she dies in the arms of the Duke.

From this sketch it will be seen that the piece abounds with striking situations, and with incidents of a powerfully interesting nature. Mr. H. Johnston, who made his first appearance at this theatre in the character of the Recluse, portrayed the conflicting passions which agitate the soul of Charles the Bold with great feeling, and Miss S. Booth made a powerful impression on the sympathies of the audience in her delineation of the feelings and emotions of the amiable and interesting, but ill-fated Eloise. Mr. Power was excellent in the Baron, particularly in the last scene.

The scenery deserves much praise, particularly the Summit of the Desert Mountain by moonlight, and a Mountainous Pass, with a distant View of the Devil's Bridge.

Literature and Science.

Professor Lee is preparing, in Persian and English, the whole controversy of Mr. Martyn with the learned in Persia, as a manual for missionaries, whereby they may establish the truth of the Scriptures against Mahomedanism.

Mr. I. G. Walker is engraving a Print, the Portrait of Dame Brettell, late of Twickenham, who lived to the age of 103 years, 10 months, and 24 days, enjoying her faculties to the last.

Singular Proof of the Efficacy of Soot in the Preservation of Animal Matter.—A short time since, on the removal of a board in the interior of a chimney in a gentleman's drawing-room in York, a pigeon was found that had been missing nearly five months. Its body had become quite hard, and the feathers so firmly attached to it, that, with the addition of a pair of glass eyes, it would have equalled almost any preservation in the finest collection of the feathered tribe.

Galvanic Phenomena.—The body of George Thom, who was executed at Aberdeen, last week, having, agreeably to his sentence, been given for dissection to Drs. Skene and Ewing, was subjected to a series of galvanic experiments, of which, with their results, we subjoin the following brief account:

The body was brought into the dissecting-room, about an hour after suspension, and still retained nearly its natural heat. The upper part of the spinal cord and the sciatic nerve were immediately laid bare, and a galvanic arc was then established, by applying the positive wire to the spine, and the negative to the Sciatic nerve

when a general convulsive starting of the body was produced. Another communication was then made between the spine and the ulnar nerve, and considerable contractions took place in the arm and fore-arm. When the circle was formed with the spine and radial nerve, both at the elbow and wrist successively, powerful contractions of the muscles of the whole arm and hand were produced. The hand was closed with such violence, as to resist the exertions of one of the assistants to keep it open. When a connexion was established between the radial nerve and the supra and infra orbital nerves, strong contractions of the muscles of the brow, face, and mouth were produced, so as to affect the under jaw, and to distort the countenance in a very singular manner. The eye-lids were strongly contracted; and when the wire was applied directly to the ball of the eye, the iris contracted and dilated very sensibly. A galvanic circle being formed, first between the par vagum and diaphragm, and then between that muscle and the great sympathetic, little obvious effect was produced. After applying galvanism directly to the nerves above-mentioned, the skin of the face was moistened with water, and, upon running the wire over different parts of it, similar effects were produced in the muscles of the face, as by direct communication made with the nerves. The tongue also moved in all directions, by touching the surface with the galvanic wire. The whole experiments were performed in about an hour and a quarter, when the heat of the body was considerably diminished. A powerful galvanic apparatus (consisting of about 300 pair of plates) was used; but, from not being insulated, a considerable quantity of the galvanism escaped, so that every metallic substance about the table was highly charged.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

Specimen of the pun *annoying*:—Oxberry, in Life in London, gets a box-o'-the-ear, upon which he exclaims—'Now am I a pickled donkey; I am *ass-salted*.'

One of his Majesty's frigates, I forget her name, being at anchor on a winter's night in a tremendous gale of wind, the ground broke and she began to drive. The lieutenant of the watch ran down to the captain, awoke him from his sleep, and told him the anchor had come home;—'Well,' cried the captain, rubbing his eyes, 'I think our anchor is perfectly right, for who the devil would stay out in such a night as this.'—*Sam Spritsail*.

Thesaurus relates, in his history, that at the siege of Groningen, in 1594,

at the moment when the besiegers were ready to fire a cannon, and had applied the match, a ball fired from the garrison entered the mouth of the cannon, and, without doing any mischief, was re-discharged from the cannon which it had entered!

In the 7th year of the reign of William the Third, there was a tax of 30l. upon the birth of a duke, and two shillings upon that of a common person; for the burial of a duke 50l.—a common person four shillings.

French Modesty.—It is related by a Latin historian, (says the editor of a Paris paper) that in every one of the great exploits which added to the lustre of the Roman arms, a Gaul has always been present. In spite of the partizans who would degrade this race, it is evident that we have not degenerated.—We can with pride affirm, that Frenchmen have been found in all places where dangers were to be encountered, or glory gained. It is to French refugees that the inhabitants of New Orleans attribute the honour of the victory which they gained over the English. They were Frenchmen who assisted in gaining the battle that insured the independence of Chili.—There was also a Frenchman in that glorious and sacred battalion which was exterminated by the Turks, after it had made them purchase their shameful victory at so dear a rate. His name was Bordier, and he died on the field of battle, after performing prodigies of valour. At that time fortune was not favourable to the ranks which contained a child of France. But men, who so often conquer, are worthy of dying at Thermopylae."

Carolina Criminal Code.—At a sessions in Charlston, J. Hutton, for killing a Negro, was fined 50l. and G. Burrows and R. Welsh, for Negro stealing, were sentenced to be hanged!

Anecdote.—In the hard frost in the year 1740, the Company of Vinters bought a large ox in Smithfield, to be roasted on the ice, on the river Thames. Mr. Hodgeson, a butcher in Saint James's Market, claimed the privilege of knocking down the beast, as a right inherent in his family, his father having knocked down the ox roasted on the river in the great frost 1684, and as he himself did that roasted in 1715, near Hungerford Stairs. The beast was fixed to a stake in the open market, and Mr. Hodgeson was dressed in a rich laced cambric apron, a silver steel, and a hat and feather, to perform his office!

At a sale of farming stock in Gloucestershire, the auctioneer gave the following poetical and extempore description of a beautiful cow:—

Long in her sides,—bright in her eyes,
Short in her legs,—thin in her thighs,
Big in her rib,—wide in her pins,
Full in her bosom,—small in her shins;
Long in her face,—fine in her tail,—
And never deficient in filling the pail.

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TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'MODERN Periodicals, or the Vision of Peter Pendegras,' 'The Lily and the Rose,' 'Colin and Alice,' and 'Stanzas by Eliza,' in our next.

'Parish Feasting' shall be inserted in the course of a fortnight; our official duties, as churchwarden, will then have expired, and we shall be as much in love with economy as any of our neighbours.

The 'Sonnet on Life,' 'Search after Happiness,' the favours of Mr. Hatt, J. W. D., G. A. N., Thomas (we wish it had been John) Clare, and Mac, shall be inserted as early as we can make room for them.

S. T.'s 'Dove' must not find a resting place in our ark.

The author of the 'Fragmenta Dramatica,' will find a letter at our office.

We wish some of our poetical friends would write any thing rather than birth-day odes; we have already a stock by us for every day in the year, and sonnets to fair ladies of all ages, from 'the girl of fifteen to the widow of fifty.'

Erratum: p. 737, c. 2, l. 22 from bottom, for 'near'st' read 'wear'st.'

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